

EPSS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPSS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPSS'S COCOA

TARTAN
SMOKING
TOBACCO
J. RATTRAY & Co.
MONTREAL, CAN.

The Ch'town Steam Nav. Co STEAMERS. . . .

Northumberland & Princess
Leave as below every day (Sundays Excepted)

From POINT DU CHENE (on arrival of afternoon train from St. John) for Summerside, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown.

From SUMMERSIDE on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown for Point Du Chene connecting with day train for St. John.

Connect at Moncton with train for Canada and at St. John with Steamers of International Line and Railways for United States and Canada.

From PICTOU (on arrival of day train from Halifax) for Charlottetown.

From CHARLOTTETOWN, seven a. m. (local) for Pictou, (connecting there with day train for Cape Breton and Halifax) at Halifax with C. A. & P. Line for Boston.

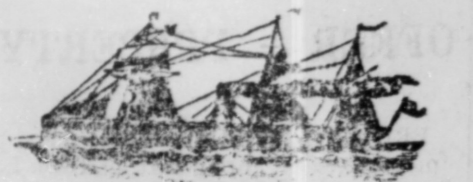
F. W. HALES
Ch'town, P. E. I. SECRETARY

CARD.

The undersigned wishes to intimate to the young ladies and gentlemen of Charlottetown, that it is her intention to continue the dancing classes so successfully conducted by her mother, for the past 60 years at TERPSICHOE HALL, Great George Street. Classes will be opened for the season, on Tuesday, Oct. 4th, at 4 and 8 p. m.

Private lessons given as usual.
JANIE BURRIS.
228 d'yt&w

BLACK DIAMOND LINE



The S.S. COBAN sailing from Montreal, Friday morning; Oct 21st; will be due at Ch'town, Monday morning, Oct 24th, and will sail for St. John's, and Harbor Grace Newfoundland, via. North Sydney, carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates.

For further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to
PEAKE BROS & CO.,
Agents.
Ch'town, Oct 17, '98—241

It is Possible

You may need a watch—one that can be relied upon.
If so, we can show you some special good values in either Gold, Gold Filled or silver. Also a cheap line of Nickel Watches for the boys.

G. H. TAYLOR
North Side Queen Square.

Woman AGAINST Woman

BY MRS. MARY E. HOLMES.
Author of "A Woman's Love," "The Wife's Secret," "A Heartless Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," "A Wife's Peril," "A Desperate Woman."

(Continued.)
"I saw you struggling with that man," Alice said, speaking almost with difficulty; "your arms were round him, you threw him to the ground. Then you came to me, you said something to me, and I don't remember what else. I must have fainted."

The man released her arm with a groan. He moved with slow steps to the dead body.

"Eustace," he said in tones of acute agony, "my friend—forgive me. God have mercy! I was mad—mad with your words. You tried me so bitterly—but I would give all that I hold dear to listen to them from your lips again, for then you would live; now"—he rose slowly, still gazing at the dead man. "Now, you will never speak again—you are dead—and I have killed you!"—he drew back and leaned against a tree, then started suddenly—"and they will trace this back to me, and I shall be hanged as a common murderer! A Darrell on the scaffold! Oh, mother, forgive your son!"

Alice stood in silence.
It was night-time now; the moon had risen, and was shining down in silver rays on the strange scene.

The girl forgot everything in the flood of pity that came over her as she watched the remorse of the man.

The lateness of the hour, the fallen basket, her mission, her aunt's anger—all were swept away as she let her eyes rest on him standing with hands clasped together, and white haggard face.

His lips moved, and she could hear him murmur from time to time:

"Murder! A Darrell hanged for murder! Oh, that I could have died before I brought this shame on your head, mother! For me life henceforth will be death, for there is blood on my hands, but for you, mother, it is different, and there is no escape."

He glanced round in the agony of his mind, and a sudden thought seemed to come to him; he moved to her so rapidly that Alice shrank back.

"Do not shrink from me," he muttered passionately; "but speak to me. Let me know the worst at once. Were you alone when—when—death came to him, or—were there others with you?"

"I was alone."

"You swear it?"
"I swear it," Alice said, meeting his eyes bravely; "few people would come this way by night," she added softly, touched by the misery in his face.



MRS. WRIGHT, OF NORVAL, ONT. EXPERIENCES INTENSE SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA IN HER FEET.

Raw From Her Toes to Her Knees

Dr. Chase Makes a Wonderful Cure.

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover place, Toronto, makes the following statement:—

My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P. O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden, and County Councilor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 28th, 1897, says:—"I had itching piles for thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have recommended it to others with the same result."

"They fear the path too much."
"But you?"
"I was sent on a message to the housekeeper at the Castle."

"Ah! Do they know you are coming?" Alice shook her head.

"I think not."
Roy Darrell stood immovable, his face blanched with the burden of his sorrow. Cold perspiration trickled down his haggard cheeks. Watching him thus, the memory of that other face that had been before her just as she fainted came to Alice.

"You are not dark," she said almost involuntarily.

He turned.
"What do you mean?" he gasped hurriedly.

A ray of moonlight touched him glancing his warm brown hair and golden moustache.

"You looked so dark before," the girl said slowly; "and—yes, I am sure of it, there was blood on your cheek; you have none now."

Roy grasped her hand.
"God bless you!" he murmured faintly; "whoever you are, you have done me the greatest blessing a human creature can do for another—you have taken a load from my heart, a weight of deadly pain from my head. I was right, there was another, but how did he come? Where is he now? Tell me again," he cried, turning to her swiftly, "it was not my face you saw."

Alice looked at him steadfastly; she was growing faint and ill with the horror of the scene, but she forced herself to speak.

"It was not you," she answered with a shudder of remembrance; "it was a dark, cruel face, with eyes that looked like a beast's, and blood on his cheek. I can see him plainly now."

Roy released her hand, and covered his face with his own.

"What can I do? He is gone, and I must bear the penalty of this crime. They know we left the Castle together; they will find his body; they will bring his murder home to me, and she will swear me to death!"

Alice started, and pressed her small cold fingers on her heart.

"What will they do to me?" she whispered.

"To you, child? Nothing; but your word will go against me. There is nothing to save me. I shall die a disgraced, dishonored man!"

"Die!" cried the girl. "Oh, no, no. You must not. They will not do this, I will not speak."

"They will make you. Your friends know of your walk through the wood. You must speak."

"But," murmured Alice, white with horror—poor child! her strength seemed fast going—"but that other; I will tell of him."

"It will be useless. Where is he? No; he," pointing to the still, dead form, and sinking his voice to a whisper—"he and I were friends. We had quarrelled. Everyone knew there was a coldness between us. You saw a struggle. He lies murdered. I shall be convicted."

Alice sank back against a tree.
She had no thought, no remembrance of aught but the horror of the moment. The faint sound of a clock striking roused her.

"It is getting late," she said, glancing at him, standing with sunken head.

"If I do not go, they will send to look for me. Oh, what can I do? Do not let them make me speak. I cannot bear to think of it; it is so terrible!"

Roy Darrell looked at her thin, pale face, out of which her great eyes shone like stars.

"Poor child! you can do nothing—nothing," he said slowly; then, as if a ray of light had come to him, he checked himself, and drew a deep breath. Yes, there is one way," he said thickly—"one way you can help me—not for myself, but for my mother. I am innocent of this crime. I know—I feel it. Oh, for one instant's clear memory! But all is dense and misty. I must have been stoned, for I can recollect nothing, save that I know the death blow did not come from me. But all is dark against me. I shall be convicted. My mother will sink beneath the horror and the disgrace. You are the only witness. You can save me if—"

He grasped her slender left hand.
"You are free," he murmured. "It is a great thing, but—"

"Whatever it is, I will do it," Alice said in a dream. "I am in your hands."

"A wife can give no evidence against her husband. Will you become my wife?"

Alice staggered back, a blush gathered for an instant on her cheek, then her eyes fell on his haggard, anxious face, on the still, dead body, and terror banished all other feelings.

"I will," she answered swiftly.

Roy Darrell bent and kissed the girl's hand; she had spoken the words that gave him hope and life.

"Let me think," he said, hurriedly; "we—we were going to Nestley; I must push on there now. Can you join me early? We will be married at the registry office, before—before this secret

BARGAIN CORNER.

We have open, and more to arrive, a good assortment of Clothing. We are after your trade this fall; we ought to have it—it good goods and low prices are any inducement. For want of space we can only quote a few lines—men's S & D Breasted Suits, our own make of cloth, well made and finished for \$9.00

Men's S & D breasted Suits for \$12.00, made from our famous double and twisted goods, warranted to outwear anything in the imported line. This cloth is known from P. E. I. to Alaska—the only goods made that will stand the wear and tear of the Klondike. Our agent in Dawson is taking orders for spring shipment. This speaks well of our cloth.

Men's extra heavy suits, imported for \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$8.00 per suit, extra value.

Men's S & D breasted Serge Suits, all prices, one line for \$11.50, worth \$15.00 of any man's money.

Suits for boys, our own cloth, the only thing that will stand. If your boy gets caught going over a fence some one will have to lift him off, no tear to our cloth. Youths' Suits our own cloth, former price \$8.25, now \$5.00. A full range of gents' furnishings. Prices are right.

Inspection Invited.

W. D. MCKAY

may be discovered; it is a hard thing to ask you, but life or death hangs in the balance. Will you be there?"
"I will be there," repeated the girl, "early."

"Now we will part for a time," he said, slowly, "and God bless you for your promise!"

Alice turned away; something urged her to look back as she left the wood with faltering steps.

Roy Darrell was kneeling by the body of his dead friend; and the girl who had promised to become his wife, pushed bravely on—to face the long dreary road with all its dark night terrors; on to face the wrath of her aunt; on to sit and watch till morning came, bringing work for her slender hand and gentle heart in its golden sunbeam.

CHAPTER II.

"Valerie, you will not leave me, dear?"
The question was put in a loving, tender tone.

Valerie Ross turned her proud, imperious head. She was standing at one of the windows in the lofty morning-room of Darrell Castle.

An old lady was seated at the table, glittering with silver and costly china for the early meal; her hair was white, her face gentle, yet proud; she smiled as she met Valerie's dark eyes.

"I shall be so lonely," she continued.
"Then I will remain, dear Lady Darrell. To tell you the truth, I was beginning to fear I had extended my visit too long, and that you were tired of me."

Lady Darrell stretched out her slender white hand, and the tall, beautiful form left the window and knelt at the elder woman's feet.

"Now, I shall scold you, Valerie. How often have I begged for this visit and you would not come. Do you think I shall let you curtail it just when you like? No, no, my dear; I mean to have my way."

Valerie bent and put her warm red lips to the white hand.
"It is dull here, I fear, Valerie," Lady Darrell said after a pause; "especially these two next days while Roy and Eustace are away, but they will soon pass."

Valerie's face had flushed crimson; now it was very white as she said, simply:
"I am perfectly happy; I want no one but you."

(To be Continued.)

SAVE THE MOTHERS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.

You have seen a flower nipped by frost, fade and die in the flush of its beauty. That is how women die when attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to their sex.

Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing. Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and dragging; she loses flesh; grows sallow, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world.

"Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage: a new lease of life.

Hot Air Furnaces

With Hot Water Combination if desired.

OUR

Famous Florida for Coal

with steel dome, low steel radiator and three steel flues, (insures quick heat without danger of cracking), is constructed on the principle of a baseburner stove, and is as easily regulated as one.

The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy of fuel.

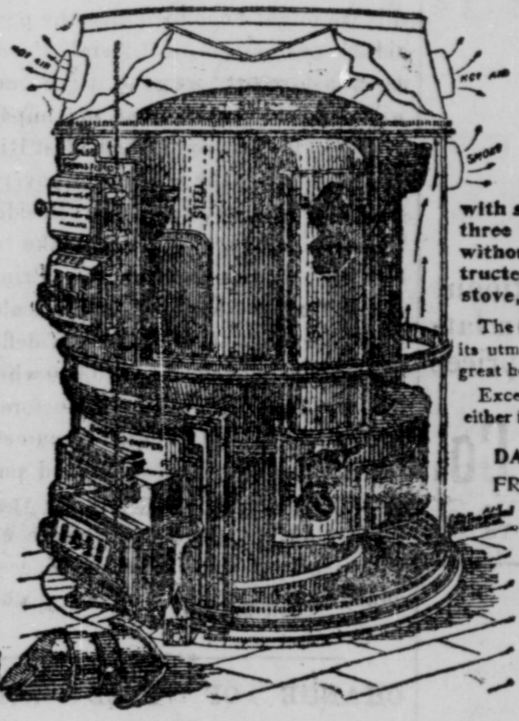
Exceptionally heavy fire pot fitted with either flat or duplex grate. Large ash pit.

DAMPERS CAN BE REGULATED FROM ROOMS ABOVE.

We hold highest testimonials from users.

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COLD COLD! COLD

Can be Kept Out by the

QUEBEC HEATER

The cold weather is coming—so is a stock of QUEBEC HEATERS. Don't waste time putting up your old hard coal base burner, but buy a

QUEBEC HEATER

and save time, dirt, dust, coal, worry and labor. Also get more heat, Sold only at the

CITY - HARDWARE - STORE

BUT—FOR CASH,

R. B. NORTON & CO LTD

DIRECT FROM

LONDON

NEW CLOTH FOR FALL AND WINTER

We have opened a fine line of Nobby Cloths in suitings, Overcoating and Trousing.

Call now and get first choice—a full line of gents' furnishings always on hand.

John McLeod & Co.,
Sartorial Artists.